

The Weber Piano

is used and indorsed by
Mme. Fritz Scheff

Sanders & Stayman Co.,
1327 F Street.
Exclusive Representatives.

ANNOUNCEMENT

The beautiful Weber Miniature Grand used this week by Mme. Scheff at the Willard will be on exhibition at our warerooms next week.

Beautiful Model of the Weber Upright for \$500

BRANCH STORE

612 King St., ALEXANDRIA, VA.

AMUSEMENTS.

BELASCO To-night 8:10
ONLY MATINEE SATURDAY.

FRITZI SCHEFF
In "THE MIKADO"

Exceptional Cast. Augmented Orchestra.

NEXT WEEK—SEATS NOW.

H. B. WARNER

In Another Big New Bill.

"Alias Jimmy Valentine"

After Two Years at Wallack's Theater.

Chad's VAUDEVILLE

Daily Matinee 2c. Evening 5c, 10c, and 15c.

"THE CODE BOOK" SENSATION.

Immense Recent Military Comedy Hit. Filled with

Thrilling Dramatic Episodes.

HARRY WILLIAMS & JEAN SCHWARTZ.

"The Men Who Make Music for the Millions."

Walter Lawrence and Allan Fitzgerald, in "Just

Landed." Stuart Barnes, Zerkow's Dogs of All

Nations, Tom Mahoney, Emilie Lee and William

and Louise Luefer. "WILLIE," NEXT WEEK—

Miss Marion Garson & Co., in "The Belle of

Fertile." Higgins Bros. & Jacobson, Devils

Elmwood, at Bay Seats To-day.

NATIONAL To-night at 8:15.

Matinee Saturday

CHARLES FROHMAN Presents

FRANCIS WILSON

IN HIS OWN COMEDY SUCCESS.

"THE BACHELOR'S BABY"

Next Week—Seats Now Selling.

CHARLES FROHMAN Presents

THE MUSICAL COMEDY

ARCADIANS

With Original Cast and Production.

Note—Mail and Telephone Orders Will Be

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ACADEMY MATS, TUES.,

THURS., & SAT.

Best Seats, 25c, 50c, 80c—No Higher.

ST. ELMO

THE ORIGINAL COMPANY.

Next Week—"THE MONTANA LIMITED."

CASINO

THE BEST

VAUDEVILLE

SHOW IN TOWN

MATINEES, 1,000 SEATS, 10c

LYCEUM MATINEE DAILY

Regular Matinee—Thanksgiving Day.

NEW CENTURY GIRLS

PRESENTING TWO BIG SCAVENS.

"A SURPRISE PARTY" and "IN IRELAND."

Next Week—TIGER LILIES.

GAYETY Ninth St.,

Near F.

Matinee Daily

S. LAWRENCE WEBER'S

PARISIAN WIDOWS

A CHEERFUL COMBINE OF

FUN, MUSIC, AND "NIFTY" GIRLS.

NEXT WEEK—HASTINGS' BIG SHOW

COSMOS CONTINUOUS

1 to 11 P. M.

Matinee, 10c; evening, 10c and 20c.

NICODIMUS & SUMMERS—Those Musical Com-

edians.

THE LANSING—Modern Hercules Gymnast.

BROWN & FALLARDEAU—"Watch the Cigar-

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ROSE STANLEY—The Dainty Singing Comedienne.

THE MASSES—"Dining-room Fun," Juggling, &c.

HERMANN & CO.—The Big Musical Offering.

Complete Change Monday and Thursday.

TWO BIG SHOWS EACH WEEK

AVENUE GRAND THEATER

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Washington's favorite Family Theater.

BEST VAUDEVILLE, PICTURES AND MUSIC.

PRICES 10c and 50c.

NEW HOWARD THEATER

T street, near Seventh.

All this week, Matinee Thursday and Saturday.

Reliably

BIG, SUPERB PRODUCTION OF

ST. ELMO

An Entire White Cast. No Advance in Prices.

NEXT WEEK—CLARA TURNER, in Anita, the

Singing Girl.

THE WHITE CAT

By GELETT BURGESS

Author of "Vivette," "A Little Sister of Destiny," &c.

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CHAPTER II.

I was awakened early by the sunshine which came pouring across my bed from the window opposite, lighting up the white wainscoting and showing the room now, clean and brightly distinct to the least detail of the crisp Japanese prints upon the wall.

One sash and the window shade had been left up, and I could see the slope of a hill which rose behind the house, seeming to shut the place in. The other window was filled with the waving boughs of an apple tree. The day was fine and balmy; the fresh air of the morning swept deliciously over my bed. It was maddening to have to lie there helpless.

Before long I heard doors opening and closing below, and the sounds of preparations for breakfast—the rattling of a stove, a pump that squeaked whimsically like a braying donkey, the clatter of pots and pans, and a Chinaman's voice singing in a queer falsetto the odors of flowers and damp earth the smell of coffee came up to me, mingled, too, with a whiff from the stable. Then the clock, whose hourly chimings had measured for me the slow march of the night, struck seven with a peal of golden notes.

I heard footsteps come upstairs to the hall outside my half-opened door. There was a soft tapping across the way, and Leah's voice asked quietly:

"What would you like for breakfast, Miss Joy?"

I could just make out the reply in Miss Fielding's blithe tones:

"Oh, just a couple of butterflies' wings, Leah, and a drop of rose-dew, please."

How prettily it sounded! From another door I might have heard a similar ex-

aggerated it all, or even, perhaps, had dreamed of one so exclusively gracious.

Leah, also, was a part of the strange-

ness. She had none of the disturbing beauty of the quondam—her beauty was without blemish, it was far from show-

ing any sensuality. It was even spiritual in type. Her face, as I brought it up, was more than intelligent; it was lighted by

an inward vision. The more I thought of her, the more I wondered if I had not

been tricked by my impressionability, by the strangeness of my adventure, by the glamour of the night awakening. To put

it to the test, I took advantage of Miss Fielding's suggestion and rang the bell.

Leah appeared in a few moments, and came a little shyly into the room. She

was a clean, fresh, crisp girl of blue, like a hospital nurse's uniform, and was

as trim and dignified. No; I had not been mistaken. The light of day showed her

more remarkable than I had remembered. Her regular features, her smooth,

coffee-colored skin, her well-kept shapely hands, all testified to an extraordinary

breeding.

"Are you ready for your breakfast," she asked. Her voice was like

honey as she inquired how I had passed the night, and apologized for Uncle Jer-

don's snoring.

"I'll bring your water first," she sug-

gested, and, without waiting, to return in a moment with a bowl, some towels

and toilet articles.

She seemed a little embarrassed by the situation, but assisted me in sitting up.

Then, finding that I could do for myself well enough, she went downstairs, and by the time I had finished my washing,

she was back with the tray.

"Miss Joy will be in to see you in a little while," she said as she made me comfortable in my dexterous adjust-

ments of my pillows.

But for her "sir," she had in no way acted as a servant, though, on the other

hand, she had assumed no attitude of equality. I could not help admiring the

neutrality she maintained without committing herself to either role. All

my first impressions of her were intensi-

fied by this demeanor, and I awaited the opportunity of assuring her by my

manner of my lack of prejudice, on account of her color. Indeed, it was not

long before I was almost as unconscious of it, so far as any social distinction was

concerned, as a child might have been.

Miss Fielding came in a little later, dewy and shining, dressed all in white—

an embroidered linen blouse and a short

skirt of serge, which made her seem even

younger than I had remembered. The

slight of her expressive, thoughtful, eager

face, and the way in which her sympathetic

voice gave my room quite another aspect.

It became a stage again where last

night's drama would go on. How long I

had waited for her, and now she was

come! On an invalid, perhaps, expression

of her mobile face showed subtlety of

thought and sentiment; she was obviously

a creature of fine distinctions, of nuances

of feeling, though at present her talk

was as simple and joyous as a child's.

That simplicity which was a child's,

the simplicity of a Greek temple, made up

of subtle ratios and proportions, of imper-

ceptible curves and esoteric laws.

She drew up a chair, sat at it, and sat

down beside me. We looked at each other

frankly, and smiled, aware of a common

thought, the desire to prolong the situa-

tion as far as we might. This quickness

of her imagination was a delight. But

the game was becoming too humorous

now, in broad daylight, for us to keep it

up. Our romance was in danger.

"I'm bursting with the obvious," I re-

marked.

She shook her finger at me with spirit.

"If you dare!"

"Oh, I'll not be the first. Man though

I am, I can restrain my curiosity."

How quickly her face changed. An al-

most infantile look came into it, as she

said:

"There are so many more curious things

than curiosity, if you know what I mean.

Curiosity is such a destructive process,

don't you think?"

"And this is creative? The not satis-

fying it, I mean."

"Yes, wonder is—and mystery. It ram-

bles so. It splits the ray." She made a

queer, mystical gesture, all her own.

"Oh, it quite blossoms!" I said. "I

breathe all sorts of perfumes never

smelt."

Her eager look came back, and she

smiled joyously. "How quick you are!

I wish we could keep it up a while! I

should have liked to marry Bluebeard!

What a splendid dowry he gave! Oh, I

would never have opened the door! There

was so much more outside than in, wasn't there? But now the role is yours;

you must be Bluebeard's wife—or Robin-

son Crusoe. Oh, you must stay on the

island—this island with me, and not try

to get off. There are a few little places

we can visit, but danger—will you be

satisfied with them?"

Somehow I got the spirit of it, as at

hearing some words of a strange lan-

guage eloquently spoken. She was warn-

ing me off—not from what I would find

there, a sunny thing with black velvet

collar and cuffs, she went to the mirror

and gathered up the loose strands of

hair, tucking them in, here and there,

with deft touches of her fingers, and

adjusting them with dark tortoise shell

pins, until her little head, coiffed high,

was as smooth as a cat's.

She came up to the bedside and was

quick to notice by my nervous movements

that I was suffering. Sitting down she

began to tell gaily of her walk over the

hill, and, as she spoke, my aching was

calmed as if she had laid a finger on the

electric switch that controlled it. Then

she suggested reading to me, and took

up the volume of poems we had discussed.

Her voice was not quite as sweet as

for strong emotion; it had not the mo-

mentum, so to speak, to carry the lines

along with the swing and rhythm neces-

sary. It was too light for that, but it

more than made up for it by its sym-

pathetic tenderness and the delicacy of

its infection. Her tones lulled me, and

I fell asleep.

In the afternoon she brought her men-

ding, and we talked for a couple of hours

or so, always keeping to the subject of

it, "on the island." What personalities

we discussed, that is, had no reference

to her history or her plans. She warned

me off very cleverly several times when

she felt that my curiosity was too

strong, or even her mood and tastes.

When she confessed that she played a

little on the piano and violin, I positively

insisted upon her rights as an invalid to

be amused. She rolled up her work and

went to get her violin without excuses or

apologies.

I waited with considerable anxiety to

hear what and how she would play, not

committing myself as to my own choice

of the music. She began in her own

room, and through the open door, I

heard the strains of the Prize Song play-